

MARVEL
COMICS



?

JAN
#5

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

FEYER
HOOD

MARVEL TEAM-UP *Starring:* SPIDER-MAN[®] *and*

Aw, NO,
NOT YOU.

MENACE OF THE MYSTERY GUEST- STAR!

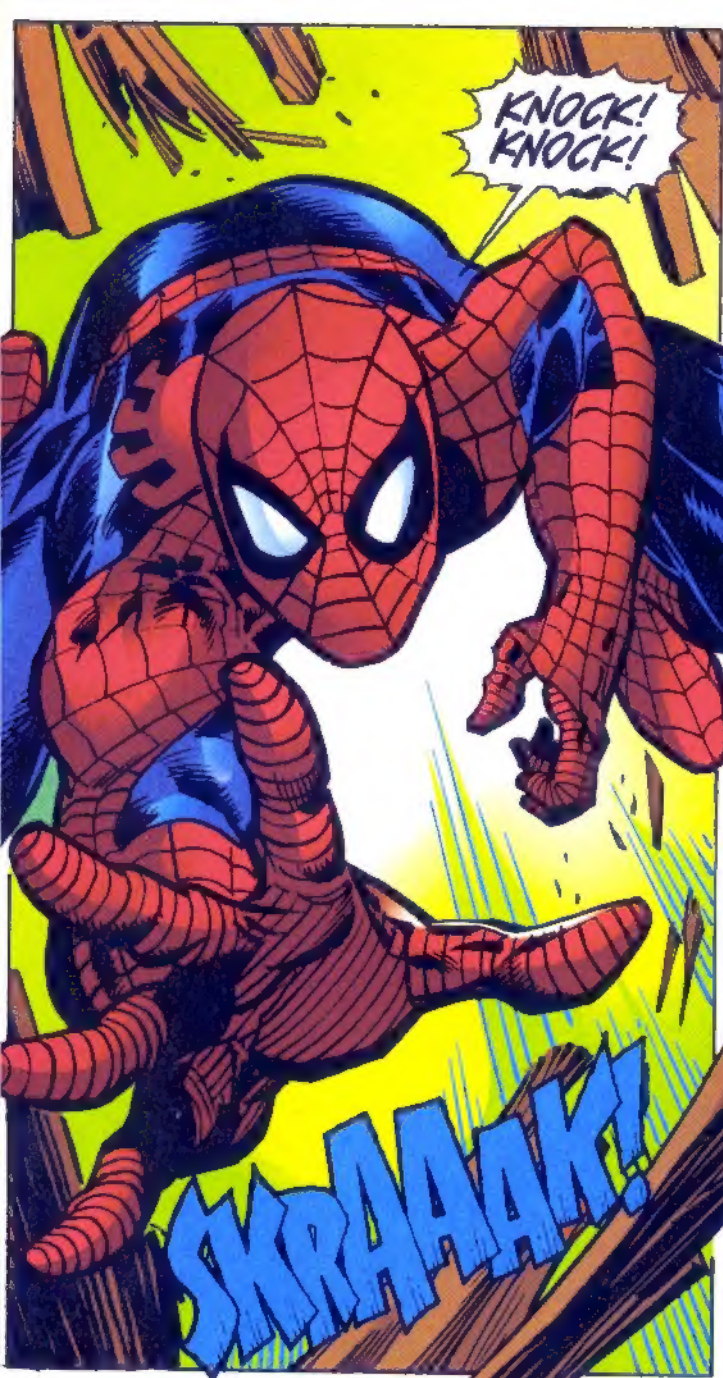
DIRECT EDITION



00511

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\$1.99 US \$2.80 CAN



**KNOCK!
KNOCK!**



**SPIDER-
MAN!**

AWW... YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO SAY "WHO'S THERE?" NOW I GOTTA GO OUT AND COME IN AGAIN--

--UNLESS YOU GOONS'D RATHER JUST SKIP TO THE FIGHT!



PLEASE! DON'T HURT US!

W-WE'RE NOT GOONS! WE'RE INTELLECTUALS!

THAT'S RIGHT! WE'RE UTTERLY POWERLESS IN EVERY PHYSICAL RESPECT! I SWEAR!

AWW...



...GET UP! NOW I FEEL TERRIBLE!

I'M NOT HERE TO BEAT YOU UP! THE WAY YOU DRESS ALIKE, I THOUGHT YOU WERE MUSCLE!



SEE, ALL THE SHADY OPERATORS I KNOW HAVE MUSCLE.

I AM NOT A "SHADY OPERATOR," SPIDER-MAN...

NEED TO KNOW

STAN LEE PRESENTS:
TOM PEYER - writer
TOM GRINDBERG - penciller
DICK GIORDANO - inker
BILL OAKLEY - letterer
TOM SMITH - colorist
TOM BREVOORT - editor
BOB HARRAS - ed. in chief

... I AM
SIMPLY AN...

...AN
AUTHORITY! I
KNOW! EVERYBODY
KNOWS! YOU CAN STOP
REMINING THE WORLD
EVERY FIVE MINUTES,
OKAY?

I WARN YOU,
SPIDER-MAN... IT IS
UNWISE TO MOCK
ME!





"WHEN HAVE YOU?"

"FIRST YOU PROD ME ALL THE WAY TO LOS ANGELES TO AVERT SOME DISASTER, AND YOU DON'T EVEN TELL ME WHAT IT IS!"

WELL, I WARN YOU, AUTHORITY--

--YOU'RE GOING TO BE AN AUTHORITY ON MY FISTS UNLESS YOU START PLAYING FAIR WITH ME!

WHEN HAVEN'T I?

*GENERATION X, TO BE PRECISE! IT HAPPENED IN MTU#1--TEAM-UPPIN' TOM B.

"IF I HADN'T MET SOME ... FRIENDS, * I'D STILL BE COMBING SOUTH CENTRAL FOR THAT POISONED MONEY!"

"AND SPEAKING OF MONEY, I'M NOT MADE OF IT! WHEN YOUR NEXT CLUE SENT ME TO GREECE--

"--I HAD TO BEG A RIDE OFF HERCULES! AT LEAST HE HELPED ME AGAINST THAT DR. ZEUS NUT'S MYTHIC BEASTS*... BUT I HATE OWING HERO FAVORS! HE'S A WILD MAN!"

"HE DIDN'T EVEN GIVE ME A LIFT HOME! I HAD TO GET THAT FROM SANDMAN, WHO TOOK A LONG DETOUR TO FIGHT FLAG-SMASHER!*

* MTU#2--T-U TB!

OH, ABOUT \$750,000!

HUH--?

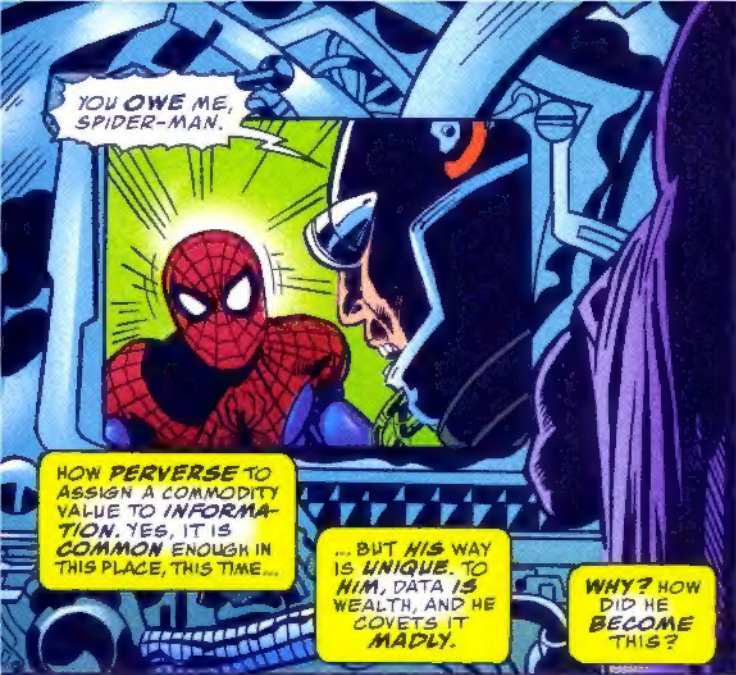
THAT'S WHAT I COULD HAVE EARNED FOR THE LEADS I GAVE YOU FREELY!

"BY THIS POINT, I'M TIRED, I'M UPSET, AND I STILL DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WHO YOU ARE!"

"SO I FIND YOU, AND WHAT DO YOU DO? SEND ME OUT TO TRAP MAN-THING, LIKE I'M YOUR GRUNT! WHAT'S THAT ABOUT?"**

* MTU#3! ** YOU GUESSED IT! MTU #4! ~ T-U TB!

YOU OWE ME, SPIDER-MAN!



YOU OWE ME,
SPIDER-MAN.

HOW PERVERSE TO
ASSIGN A COMMODITY
VALUE TO INFORMATION.
YES, IT IS
COMMON ENOUGH IN
THIS PLACE, THIS TIME...

... BUT HIS WAY
IS **UNIQUE**. TO
HIM, DATA IS
WEALTH, AND HE
COVETS IT
MADLY.

WHY? HOW
DID HE
BECOME
THIS?



I SEE HIM AS A **CHILD**, LOLLING
HAPPILY UNDER THE PROTECTIVE,
LOVING GAZE OF HIS FATHER.

FATHER!
LOOK AT
ME!

VERY GOOD,
TITO! JUST
LIKE THE
OLYMPICS!

uhh... SEÑOR
MENDEZ? I AM
SORRY TO INTERRUPT...



... BUT WE CAUGHT
MR. YELLOW COPY-
ING THE SHIPPING
MANIFESTS. THE
REAL ONES.

SEÑOR
MENDEZ,
I CAN
EXPLAIN--

I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU
MEN NEVER TO DISCUSS
BUSINESS AROUND MY SON.



BUT SEÑOR, YOU PUT HIM
IN CHARGE OF THE NEW YORK
SUPPLY! HE KNOWS EVERY-
THING! IF HE IS A DRUG
AGENT--

WHAT DID I JUST
TELL YOU? GET OUT!
AND AS FOR THE
COP--



--KILL HIM
SLOWLY.

THE BOY KEEPS
SWIMMING, NEVER
SO MUCH AS GLAN-
ING AT THE UNSPEAK-
ABLE CRIME IN
PROGRESS.

CLEARLY, IF ANYTHING
WILL MAKE HIM LOVE HIS
FATHER LESS--



--HE DOES NOT
WANT TO KNOW
ABOUT IT.

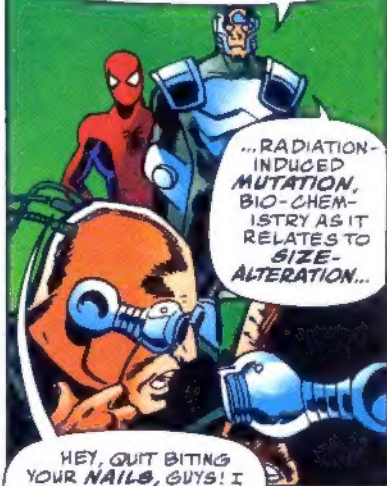


...AND THIS IS THE OPERATION'S NERVE CENTER, WHERE MY SPECIALISTS GATHER AND ANALYZE DATA FROM ALL OVER THE--

TOUGH DRESS CODE.

GO AHEAD AND LAUGH, SPIDER-MAN...

...BUT EACH OF THEM IS THE MASTER OF HIS OR HER FIELD. I HAVE EXPERTS IN MYTHOLOGY, DIMENSIONAL PHYSICS...



...RADIATION-INDUCED MUTATION, BIO-CHEMISTRY AS IT RELATES TO SIZE-ALTERATION...

HEY, QUIT BITING YOUR NAILS, GUYS! I SAID I WON'T HURT YOU!



FORGIVE THEM, SPIDER-MAN. THEY ARE EACH QUITE IGNORANT OF MATTERS OUTSIDE THEIR OWN FIELDS. THEY DON'T KNOW YOU LIKE I DO.

WHAT'S THAT'S SUPPOSED TO MEAN?

I HAVE RESEARCHED YOU, SIR. YOUR POWERS, YOUR EXPLOITS, AND PRIMARILY YOUR BEHAVIOR.

THE PRESS IS WRONG ABOUT YOU. I HAVE NEVER STUDIED ANYONE WITH SUCH A KEEN SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY.

WELL, THIS IS INCREDIBLY CREEPY! PLEASE TELL ME THERE'S NOT A SPIDEY-SHRINE IN YOUR DORM ROOM!

I AM NOT A STALKER, SIR. I AM AN--



--AUTHORITY! YEAH, YEAH! LISTEN, DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

NO, AND I DO NOT WANT TO. IF THAT SECRET LEAKED OUT, IT WOULD END YOUR EFFECTIVENESS--



--AND I WOULD NEVER WANT TO HOBBLE SUCH A POTENTIALLY VALUABLE OPERATIVE!



I'M **NOBODY'S** OPERATIVE, PAL! ESPECIALLY A USER LIKE YOU!

AND IF I EVER CATCH YOU **HURTING** ANYONE, YOU'LL BE GATHERING INFORMATION FOR THE **PRISON NEWSLETTER!**



SPIDER-MAN. WAIT.



DON'T TELL ME! YOU'VE GOT A **JOB** FOR ME, RIGHT? SOMETHING TOO **BIG** TO IGNORE?

YES.



NUTS!

WHAT **CHOICE** DO I HAVE?



THIS WAY IS
BETTER.

NUTS!
WHAT
CHOICE DO
I HAVE?



SPIDER-MAN
EXITS, WITH-
OUT LOOKING
BACK--

NO WAY!
THE LINE GETS
DRAWN HERE,
AUTHORITY! I'M
NOT SPENDING
MY LIFE AS
YOUR PUPPET!

--BUT WHAT IF
SPIDER-MAN
HAD REACTED
DIFFERENTLY?



THEY ARE
UNSTOPPABLE.

--AND THEY QUIT THEIR
ISOLATED EXISTENCE,
BRINGING NEW
EXPERTISE IN MURDER
TO THE WORLD.



SAVAGE,
VEGETAL
MINDS FLOOD
WITH FORBIDDEN
KNOWLEDGE--

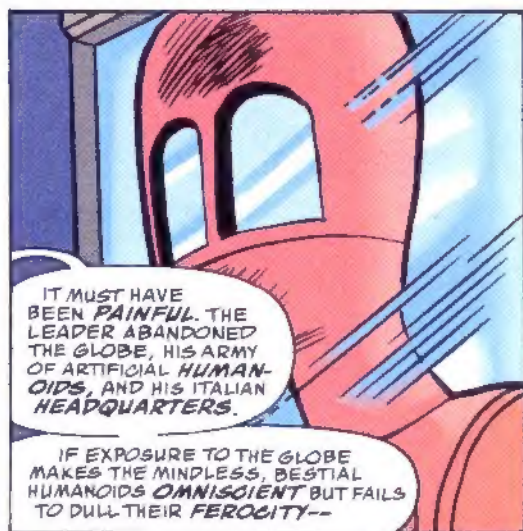
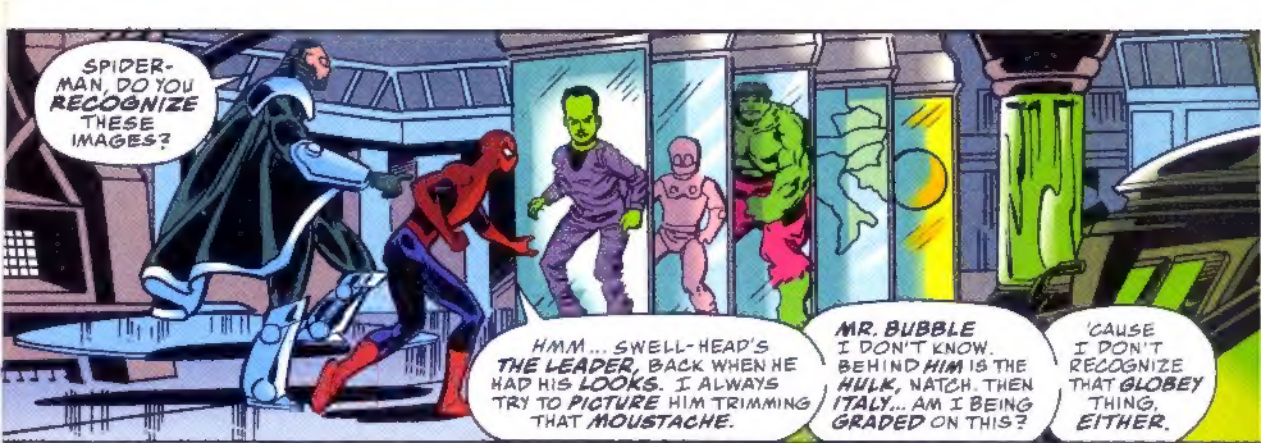
--AND TWENTY MINUTES
LATER, THE AUTHORITY
DIES ON A COLD MARBLE
FLOOR IN ITALY.



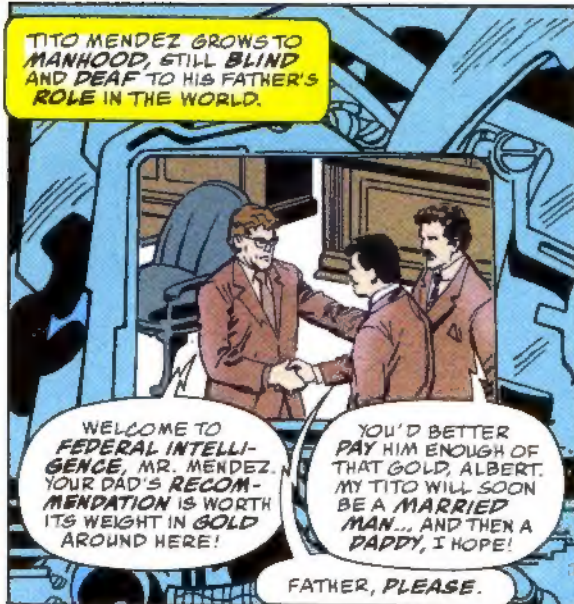
INTERESTING, AUTHORITY
HAS CORRECTLY
OBSERVED SPIDER-
MAN'S SENSE OF
RESPONSIBILITY.

I CAN
EXTRAPOLATE
WHAT WILL
HAPPEN FROM
HERE--

NUTS!
WHAT
CHOICE DO
I HAVE?



TITO MENDEZ GROWS TO MANHOOD, STILL BLIND AND DEAF TO HIS FATHER'S ROLE IN THE WORLD.



WELCOME TO FEDERAL INTELLIGENCE, MR. MENDEZ. YOUR DAD'S RECOMMENDATION IS WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD AROUND HERE!

YOU'D BETTER PAY HIM ENOUGH OF THAT GOLD, ALBERT. MY TITO WILL SOON BE A MARRIED MAN... AND THEN A DADDY, I HOPE!

FATHER, PLEASE.

YOU WOULDN'T BE TRYING TO INFILTRATE US, WOULD YOU, OLD FRIEND?



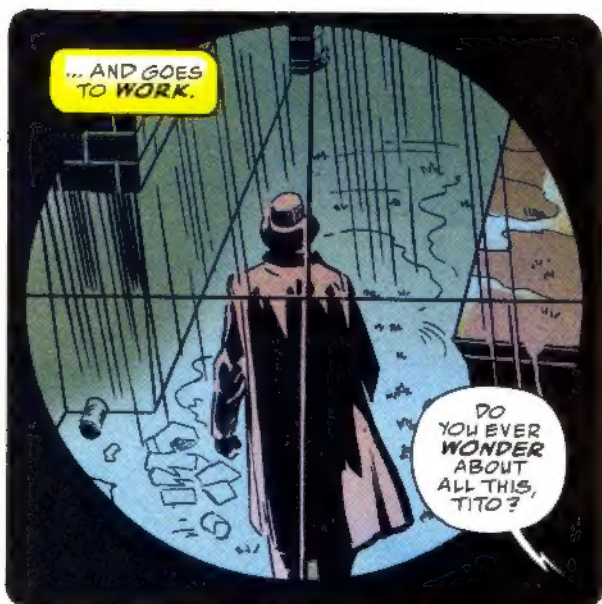
FOR THE AMOUNT I BRIBE YOU, YOU SHOULD LET ME ... BUT NO.

I SIMPLY REQUIRE THAT YOU KEEP TITO AWAY FROM MY WORK. FAR AWAY.

STEPPING WITHOUT HESITATION INTO THE LIFE HIS FATHER MADE FOR HIM, TITO MARRIES...



... AND GOES TO WORK.



DO YOU EVER WONDER ABOUT ALL THIS, TITO?

ABOUT WHAT?

WHO IT IS WE'RE KILLING? WHAT THEY'RE GUILTY OF?



NO.

I DON'T WANT TO KNOW.



... AND THIS REPLICA OF THE
LEADER'S TELEPORTER
WILL SEE YOU TO HIS TALIAN
BASE SAFELY...

. BUT, OF COURSE
SAFETY IS A RELATIVE TERM.
THE LEADER BREED ONLY ONE
INSTINCT INTO HIS HUMANIDS
THE LUST TO KILL.

YOU WOULD
BE WISE TO
MINIMIZE
CONTACT GOOD
LUCK

WAIT! I
HAVE A QUESTION!
HOW--

FAA
A
A
S
S
H!

--MANY
OF THEM

ARE

THERE?

OH

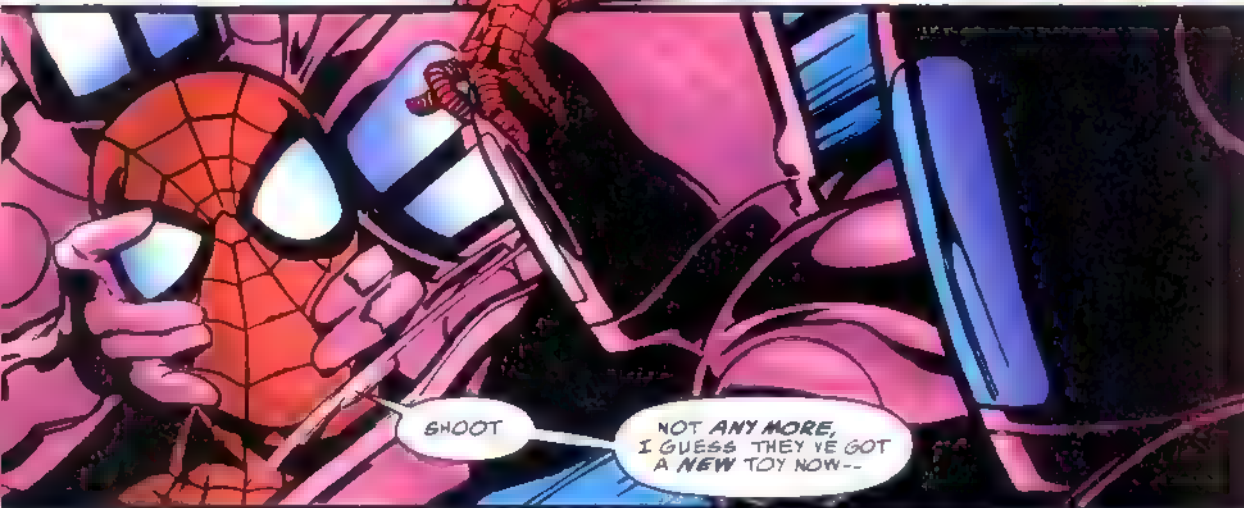
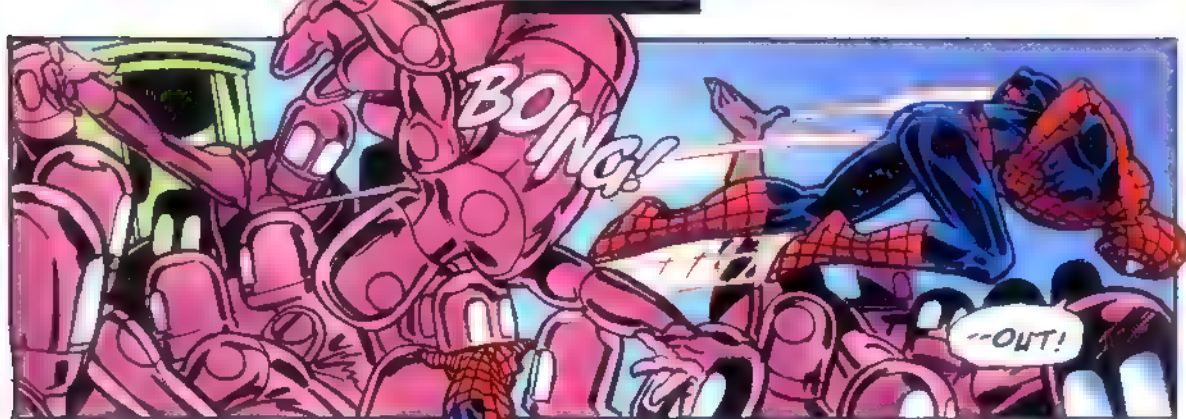
LOTS.

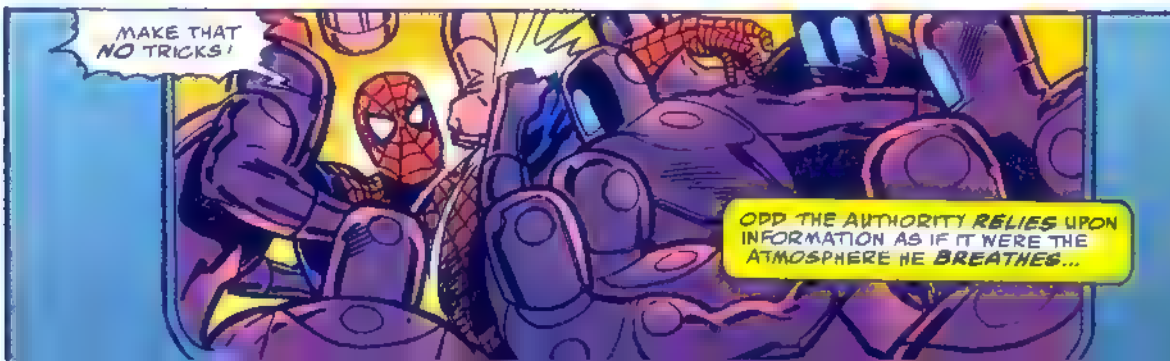
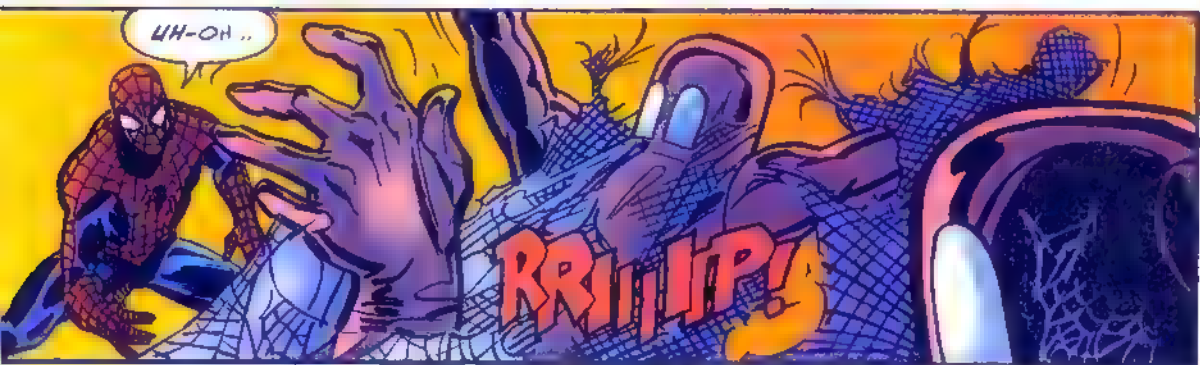
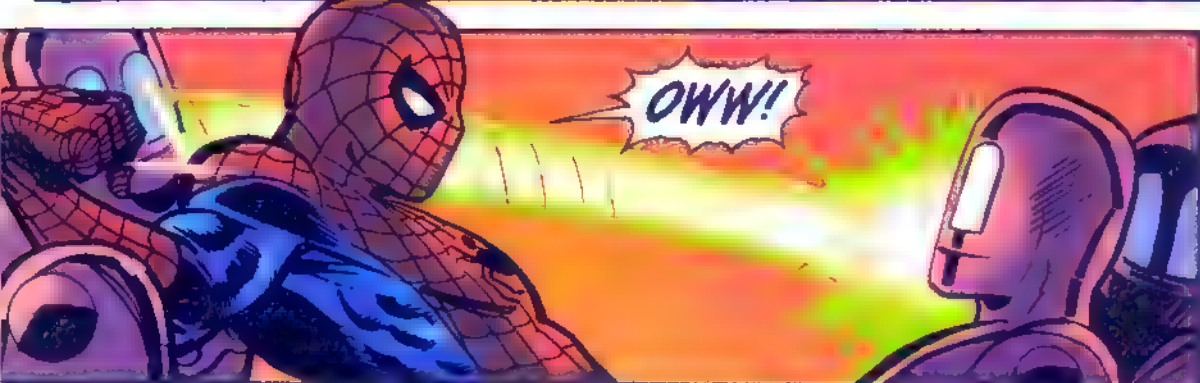
ALL RIGHT!
LET'S GET THIS
OVER WITH OR
ME OVER WITH

HEY, FELLAS!
YOU'RE NOT
GONNA BE ABLE
TO TEAR ME TO
PIECES--

--IF YOU DON'T
LET ME OUT
FIRST!

GET IT?
LET ME--





BUT HE SHARES SO LITTLE
OF IT WITH HIS ALLIES.

HISTORY SHOWS HE WAS
SIMILARLY HOBBLLED BY
HIS SUPERIORS IN THE
WORLD OF ESPIONAGE...

UNTIL FATHER'S DAY,
SIX YEARS PAST, ACTING
ON VAGUE ORDERS, TITO
MENDEZ PLANTED AN
EXPLOSIVE IN A
RENTED AUTOMOBILE.

HE WAS MILES AWAY
BY THE TIME THE KEY
SLID INTO THE LOCK.

... BUT TO THIS DAY,
WHenever THE AUTHORITY
STOPS GORGING ON DATA
FOR A MOMENT, AND
ALLOWS HIMSELF TO
THINK ...

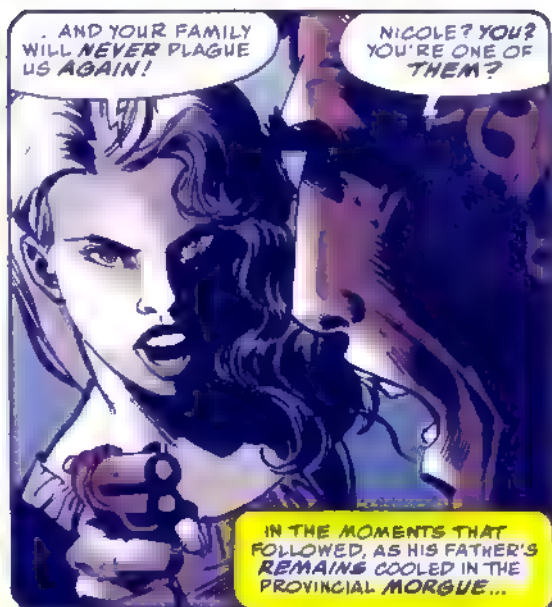
HE CAN
HEAR THE
BLAST.

FWKOOOM!



MY OWN FATHER! HOW COULD THEY MAKE ME MURDER HIM? NICOLE, WHAT KIND OF PEOPLE DO I WORK FOR?

GOOD PEOPLE, TITO



AND YOUR FAMILY WILL NEVER PLAGUE US AGAIN!

NICOLE? YOU? YOU'RE ONE OF THEM?

IN THE MOMENTS THAT FOLLOWED, AS HIS FATHER'S REMAINS COOLED IN THE PROVINCIAL MORGUE...



AND HIS WIFE TOOK A BULLET FROM THE GUN HE WRESTLED AWAY...

TITO MENDEZ OPENED HIS EYES. HIS OWN WILLFUL IGNORANCE HAD MADE HIM VULNERABLE. HE HAD SHATTERED HIS LIFE.



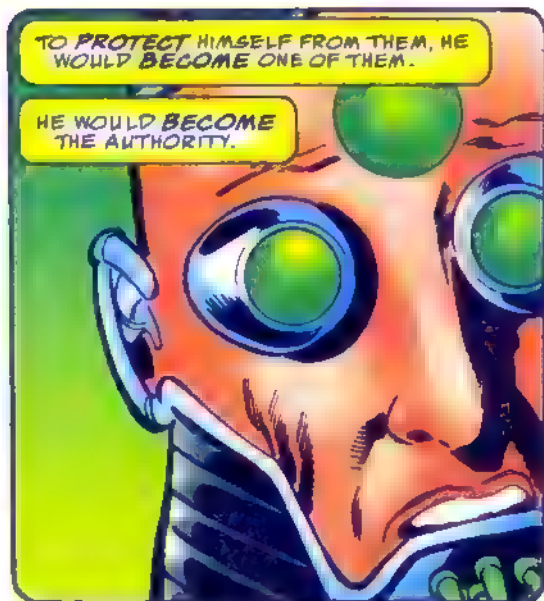
HE WOULD BE GNORANT NO MORE.

HE SPENT HIS INHERITANCE TO ENDOW THE AUTHORITY, A FORMIDABLE THINK TANK FOR HIS PERSONAL USE ONLY.



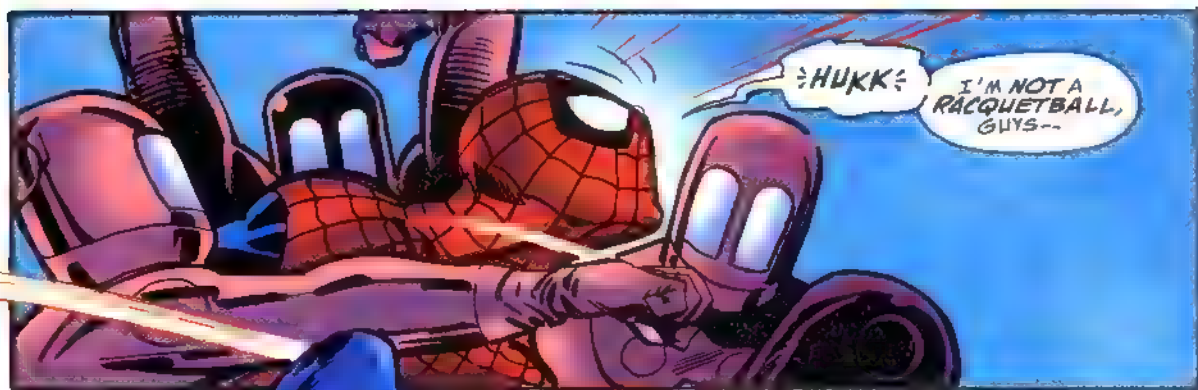
THE MORE HE LEARNED, THE MORE THREATENED HE FELT... THE MORE TERRIFIED TO LOOK AWAY HE BECAME

THE WORLD WAS A STRANGER PLACE THAN HE KNEW, ITS HIDDEN CORNERS POPULATED WITH GODS, MONSTERS AND UNFATHOMABLE FORCES.



TO PROTECT HIMSELF FROM THEM, HE WOULD BECOME ONE OF THEM.

HE WOULD BECOME THE AUTHORITY.





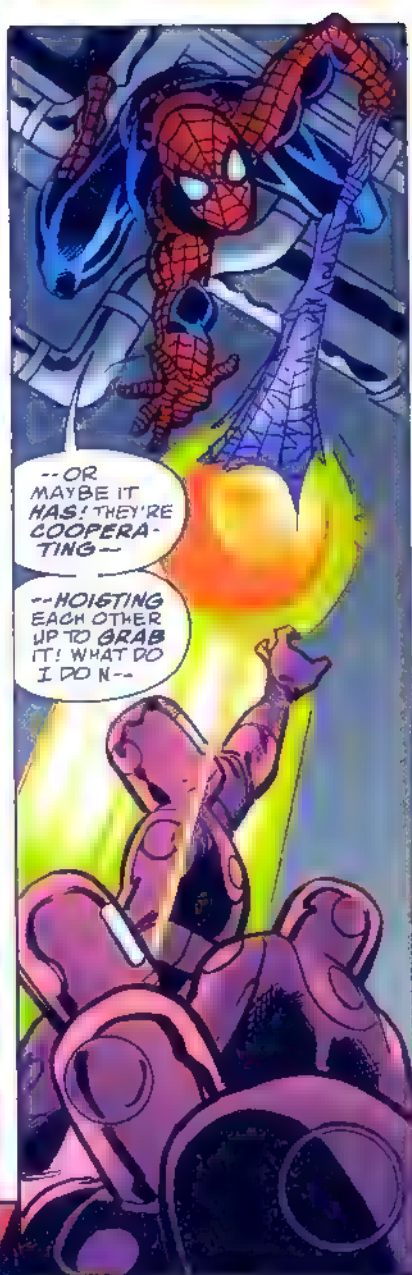
--OR I
JUST BAGGED
ME A **GLOBE**
OF INFINITE
KNOWLEDGE!

NOT THAT
IT'S MADE THESE
SLOBBS ANY
SMARTER--

THWIP!

THE LEADER'S NO
IDIOT! HE DNEVER BUNK
WITH KILLERS WITHOUT
INSTALLING A FAIL-
SAFE!

I KNOW
WHAT T
IS!



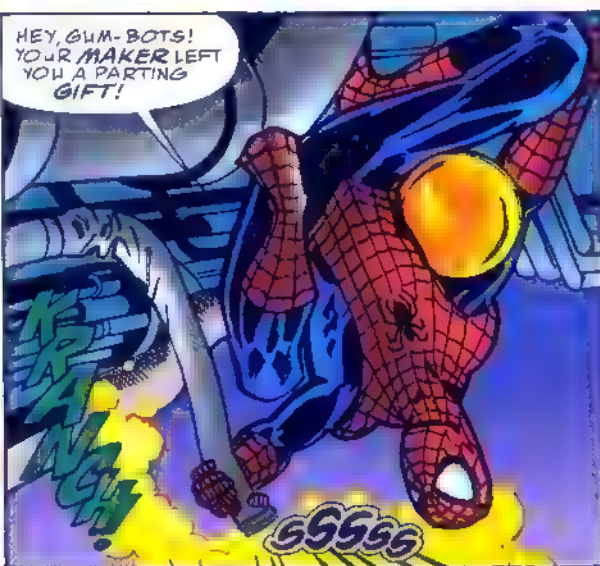
--OR
MAYBE IT
HAS! THEY'RE
COOPERA-
TING--

--HOISTING
EACH OTHER
UP TO GRAB
IT! WHAT DO
I DO N--



YOW!

SKZZAK!



HEY, GUM-BOTS!
YOUR **MAKER** LEFT
YOU A PARTING
GIFT!

KRASH!

SSSSSS

SSSSSS

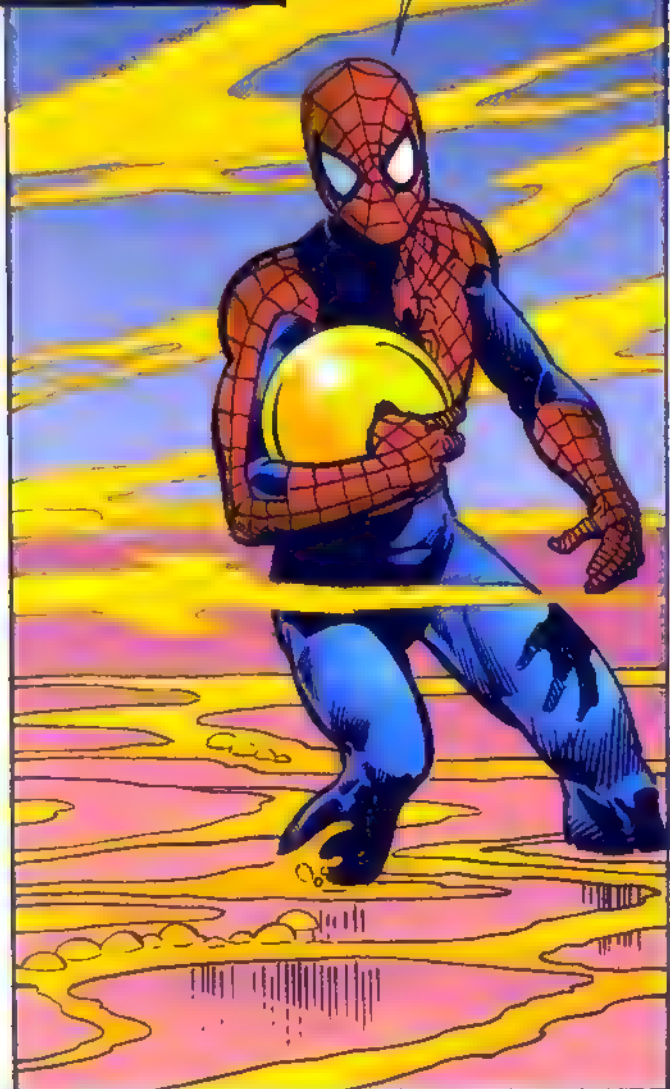
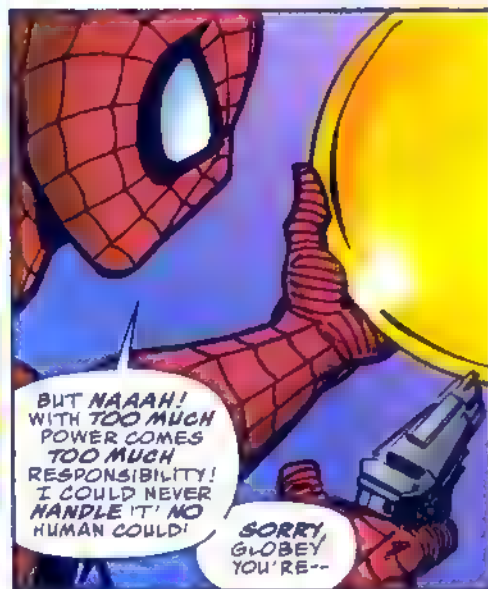
A
PRESUMPTIONS
LITTLE BREW HE
CALLS--

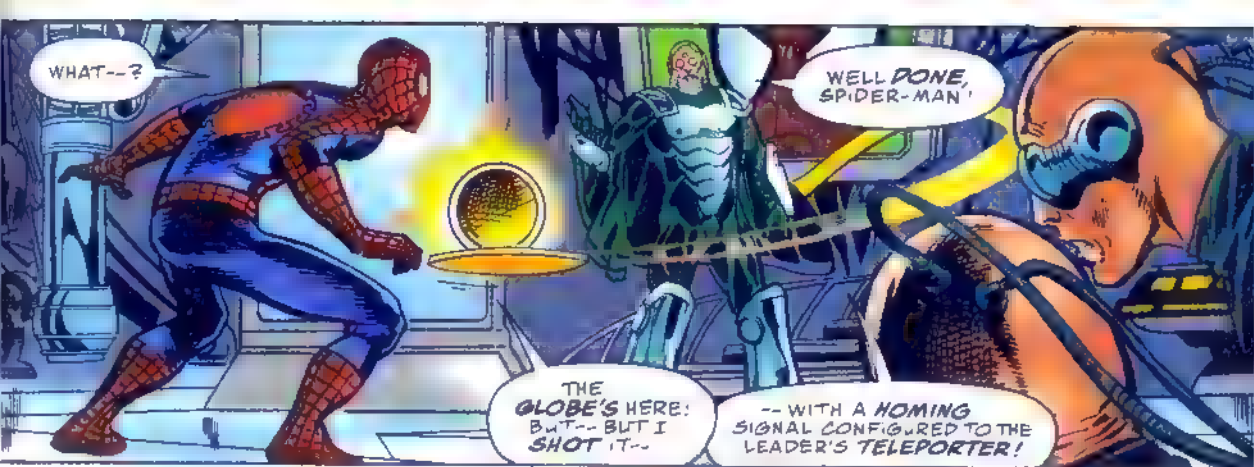
--DISSOLVING
GAS!

WELL, THAT
WAS A RUSH! I JUST
TOUCH THIS GLOBE
AND ALL THIS STUFF
COMES CRASHING INTO
MY HEAD!

FOR A
SECOND, I UNDER-
STOOD THE LAYOUT
OF THIS PLACE, ITS
SECRETS...

I THINK
I COULD EVEN
NAME ALL THE
SPICE
GIRLS!



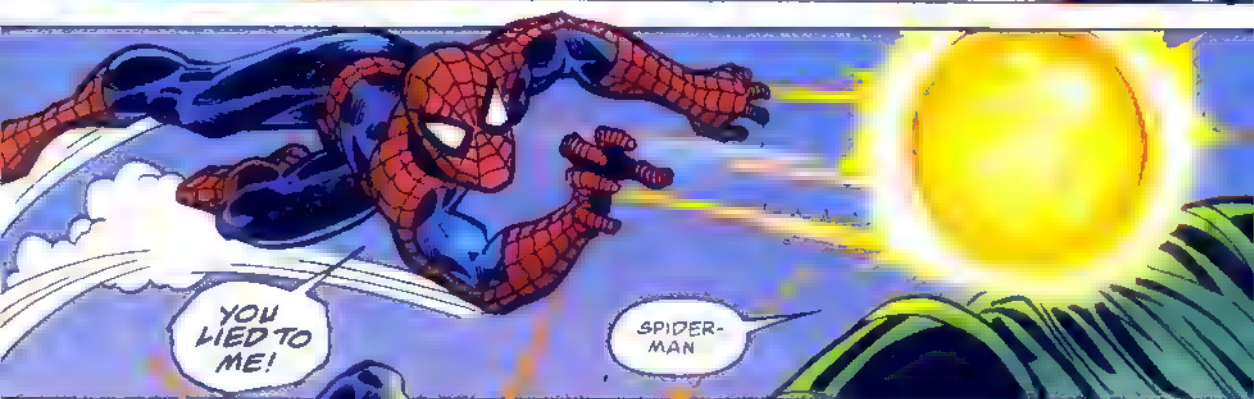


WHAT--?

WELL DONE, SPIDER-MAN!

THE GLOBE'S HERE: BUT-- BUT I SHOT IT--

-- WITH A HOMING SIGNAL CONFIGURED TO THE LEADER'S TELEPORTER!



YOU LIED TO ME!

SPIDER-MAN



... I KNOW!

SKRZAKL!



I KNOW EVERYTHING!

BUT HOW? EVEN THE LEADER'S MIND COULDN'T CONTAIN-- OH! HIS ARMOR'S CIRCUITS PROTECT HIM FROM THE--

WAIT! IT'S HAPPENING TO ME AGAIN! THE GLOBE'S DISCHARGE IS CRAMMING MY HEAD FULL OF--



IMAGES!
I SEE THE
UNIVERSE! IT
BELONGS TO
HIM!

I SEE IT TOO!
THE MORE
KNOWLEDGE
HE GAINS



THE MORE
HE USES
THAT

KNOWLEDGE TO GAIN
EVEN MORE-- UNTIL HE
CONTROLS ALL THAT
EXISTS! SOMEHOW
WE'RE

SEEING A PARALLEL
DIMENSION! THESE
EVENTS ALREADY
TRANSPRIRED
THERE!

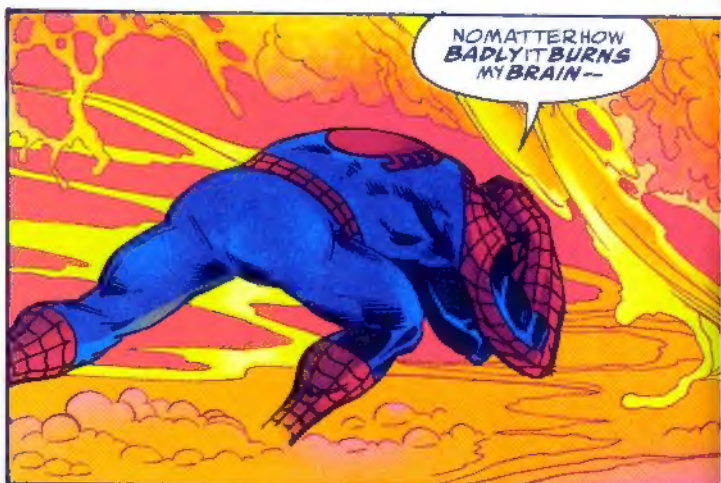
I KNOW!
AND I KNOW
SOMETHING ELSE!



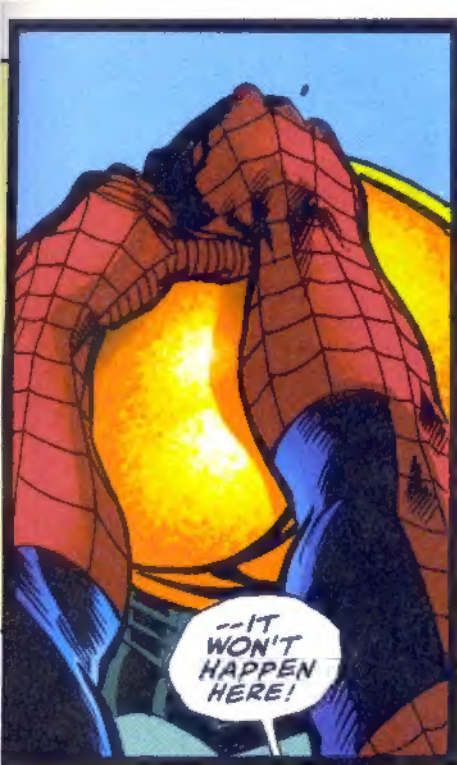
NO
MATTER WHAT
I HAVE TO
DO



NO MATTER HOW
POWERFUL THAT
ENERGY IS



NO MATTER HOW
BADLY IT BURNS
MY BRAIN--



--IT
WON'T
HAPPEN
HERE!

FRILLSSH!

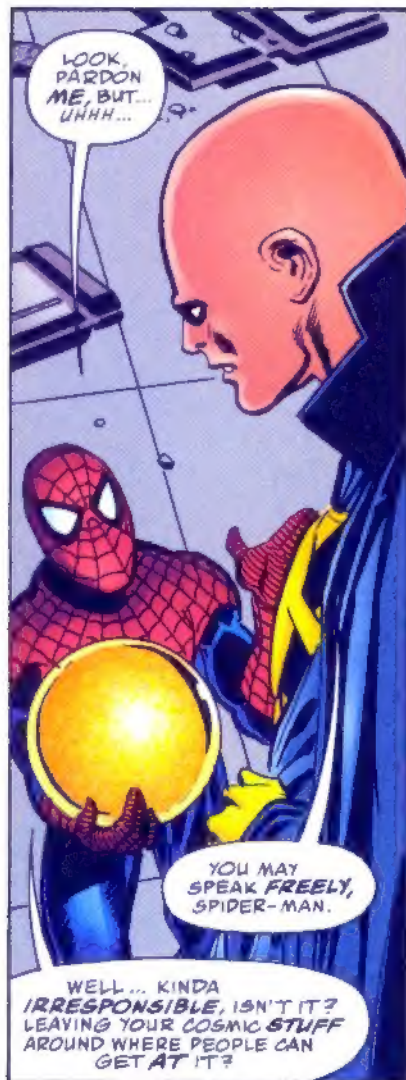


THANK YOU,
SPIDER-MAN.

I WILL
TAKE MY
GLOBE
NOW.

THE
WATCHER?!

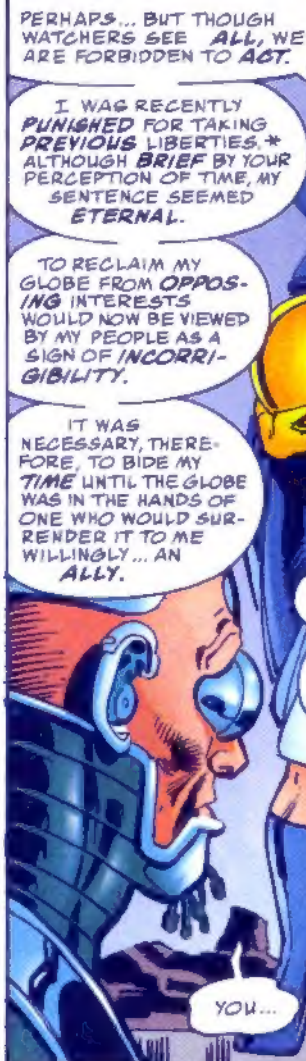
WHO--?



LOOK, PARDON ME, BUT... UHHH...

YOU MAY SPEAK FREELY, SPIDER-MAN.

WELL... KINDA IRRESPONSIBLE, ISN'T IT? LEAVING YOUR COSMIC STUFF AROUND WHERE PEOPLE CAN GET AT IT?



PERHAPS... BUT THOUGH WATCHERS SEE *ALL*, WE ARE FORBIDDEN TO ACT.

I WAS RECENTLY PUNISHED FOR TAKING PREVIOUS LIBERTIES. * ALTHOUGH BRIEF BY YOUR PERCEPTION OF TIME, MY SENTENCE SEEMED ETERNAL.

TO RECLAIM MY GLOBE FROM OPPOSING INTERESTS WOULD NOW BE VIEWED BY MY PEOPLE AS A SIGN OF INCORRIGIBILITY.

IT WAS NECESSARY, THEREFORE, TO BIDE MY TIME UNTIL THE GLOBE WAS IN THE HANDS OF ONE WHO WOULD SURRENDER IT TO ME WILLINGLY... AN ALLY.

AN ALLY? ME? WOW.

"THE SPIDEY-WATCHER TEAM." I LIKE IT!

YOU...

* IT HAPPENED IN FANTASTIC FOUR #400!...T-U-T-B!



... I KNOW WHO YOU ARE! YOU KNOW EVERYTHING!

HELP ME! DON'T ABANDON ME HERE, PLEASE! I WANT TO BE WITH YOU! I WANT TO BE YOU!

YOU DO?

WHAT AN APPALLINGLY IGNORANT DESIRE!



I AM AFRAID YOU KNOW TOO MUCH ALREADY.

THE GLOBE WAS NOT MEANT FOR MORTAL MINDS.

FORGET.

WHAT? NO! PLEASE!



DON'T DO THIS TO ME! I NEED TO KNOW!

I NEED TO KNOW!

